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By Jona French
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Jon^a Strouch, Dr.

UNION OF SENTIMENT AMONG CHRISTIANS NOT ESSENTIAL TO PEACE.

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SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE DEDICATION

OF THE

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

IN NATICK,

NOVEMBER 20th, 1828.

BY CHARLES LOWELL,
MINISTER OF THE WEST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

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SERMON.

HAGGAI, ii. 9.

IN THIS PLACE WILL I GIVE PEACE, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS.

THE love of excitement is a part of our nature. It is early developed, and gathers strength with our increasing years. It is into this principle that we must, in part at least, resolve the desire for rash and hazardous adventure, as well as for deeds of high and noble daring. It is to this principle that we must refer that fondness for the marvellous of which we are conscious ourselves, and which we discover in those around us; the interest with which we listen to tales of wonder, or of horror, or of deep pathos, and the propensity we have to relate to others whatever will occasion a strong emotion. In this respect mankind always have been, and always will be, Athenians, who loved *to tell, or to hear, something new.*

It is not to minister food to this passion, as you may perceive from the text, my hearers, that I have come hither. There is nothing new or exciting in the language of peace. It is old as the days, when

the shepherds tended their flocks upon the plains of Bethlehem, and the angels announced the peaceful reign of the Redeemer. It is old as the first-born days of our beautiful world, ere sin had entered to mar its just and fair proportions, when the Creator looked upon the works he had made and pronounced them *good*, when *the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of* God *shouted for joy.*

But these days have passed away. They are discerned only through the long vista of intervening years. The song of the angels, and their shouts of joy, are heard no longer, but the sound of the trumpet, and the tramp of the war-horse, and the clash of arms. The followers of the meek and lowly Jesus have girded themselves for the fight, and gone forth to battle, not with their enemies, but with their brethren. They are contending with each other in the open field, or, they are *whetting their tongues like a sword*, and *in secret are shooting their arrows, even bitter words ;* or they are watching at *the passages of Jordan*, like the Gileadites of old, to prevent those from passing over to the promised land, who cannot sound the aspirate in *shibboleth* with as much distinctness as themselves.

It might seem, then, to be more in accordance with the spirit of the times, though not with the genius and spirit of christianity, if I were to take,

on this occasion, the side of one of the belligerents, and wield the weapons of controversy. But, in so doing, I should do violence to my own feelings, and injustice to you. *I am for peace;* and it is for this reason, as I am well assured, that I have been called to address you at the present time. I view it as one among many indications of a returning feeling in the community in favour of peace. These are the harbingers of better times. They are streaks of light which betoken the dawn of a brighter day. The world is becoming tired of contention. It is beginning to sigh for repose. It is looking back with melancholy remembrance to the time, for there was such a time, at least in our community, when christian ministers, and christian people, forgot their differences in the consciousness of brotherhood. They differed, but *agreed* to differ, and thus, problematical as it might at first appear, could *walk together*, when they were not *agreed.**

But I am told that the world is growing wiser as it is growing older. I hear much of 'the march of mind,'—of the rapid strides it is making in the path of perfect knowledge and perfect virtue. I hear much of an influx of light from the eastern hemisphere, and that controversy is to promote its diffusion through our western world.

"Tell us not," it is said, "of uniting christians

* There were doubtless some exceptions, but they were, comparatively, few.

by a christian name. Christians *will* differ. Christians *must* differ in order to their agreement. Contention will lead to investigation, and investigation will elicit truth.' But *what* truth? "*Orthodoxy*,' says one of the contending parties. "*Unitarianism*,' says another of the contending parties. "Give them but just principles of criticism,' says one, "and they will *understand all mysteries*." "Give them a knowledge of exegesis,' says the other, 'and they will learn that there *are* mysteries.' "And thus they will come to the truth and be united.' But in *what* will they be united? I grant that if they could see with the eyes, and understand with the understanding, either of my orthodox or unitarian brother, they would think alike; but can they see with the eyes of *both*?

But the subjects of controversy are revealed, I am told, and nothing is needed but an unprejudiced attention, with the blessing of God, to come to the knowledge of them. "Can any thing be clearer than that the Scriptures reveal a trinity of persons in the Godhead? Is it not the alpha and omega of revelation? Does it not begin and end the Bible? Can language be more explicit than that of our Saviour, *I and my Father are one*?"

"And is it possible,' it is replied, "that you do not perceive the divine unity distinctly impressed upon every part of the works, and every page of the word of God? Does not the Son of God

himself declare, *My Father is greater than I?*" And thus it is that my brethren shew me that the nature of the GODHEAD is revealed, and that nothing is needed but devout investigation to understand it.

And can it be that any one can seriously think that the mass of christians will ever have time to learn the principles of criticism, or even to understand the hard names by which they are designated? Can it be that any one can seriously think that the farmer will leave his farm, or the merchant his merchandise, to become biblical critics? I have no fear of it. No—I shall be glad if they will read their Bible as they now have it, with such understanding as GOD has given them, and such light as the Holy Spirit will impart to them. Criticism and learning and historical research have doubtless done much to elucidate Scripture, but the unlearned christian need not fear that in following his Bible as it now is, he is following an uncertain guide. There may be here and there a homely phrase, and a refined taste may wish to change it; and here and there a mistranslation, which criticism may correct, if critics can agree what it should be; but the version you now have, my hearers, is sufficient, without any alteration, to guide you to heaven. Yes, this time-hallowed book,—associated with your dearest remembrances, with instruction which yet lives in your hearts

though the sound has ceased to vibrate on the ear, and the lips which imparted it may be silent in the grave,—this time-hallowed book, without any alteration, is sufficient to guide you to heaven. Let theologues beware how they obscure its light by their glosses, and *darken its counsels by words without wisdom.*

I highly appreciate the labours of the learned in ascertaining the true text of Scripture, and illustrating the circumstances under which it was written. I rejoice in every thing that enables christians to read their Bible intelligibly, but I would have them read it with their own understandings. I much doubt the benefit of doctrinal expositions, and if all such expositions were collected and offered in sacrifice to the cause of truth and charity, I have a strong persuasion that the world would gain by the holocaust. It is well that the ministers of religion, where it can be so, should study the principles of criticism; but, after all, studying them under different auspices, from the same principles they will arrive at different results,—and the world will go on as it has done. One set of opinions will be taught and received in one church, and another set of opinions in another church, till men have other powers and other passions than they now have.

Let me tell the controversialist, let history tell him,—and facts are worth all his theorizing,—that, if he hopes to see a union of sentiment among

christians, or that there ever will be a union of sentiment among christians, his hopes are visionary. If he is laboring to effect it, he is *laboring in vain, and spending his strength for nought.* If he is contending to effect it, he is fighting *as one that beateth the air.*

From the infancy of christianity men have differed, and till the end of christianity they *will* differ. They must learn, whilst, by the best investigation they can yield, they seek to arrive at the knowledge of *the truth as it is in Jesus*, amidst differences of opinion, *to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.* Peter and John differed, Paul and Barnabas differed; but Peter and John and Paul and Barnabas did not stigmatize each other as heretics, refuse to each other the christian name, and communion in christian ordinances.

Yes! I repeat the language of the controversialist, 'Christians will differ. Christians must differ.' But I go farther,—it is well they *should* differ. *Who maketh thee to differ from another?* may be asked with as much propriety in regard to opinions, as in regard to the faculties of the body, and the powers of the mind, and I discern as much wisdom in these differences as in the differing lineaments of human countenances and the different degrees of human intellect. I discern in them a moral beauty, and a moral benefit.

Can there be a more beautiful spectacle than a

christian community differing in opinion, but united in affection? Each maintaining his own right of private judgment, but respecting the rights of others? Can there be a more beautiful spectacle than that of christians assembling in various places, under various forms, to worship God, but mingling their *spirits* in their acts of devotion, as children of one Father, and disciples of one Saviour? Besides, how different are the understandings and dispositions and circumstances of mankind, and by what different motives are they impelled to duty. You teach your brother that the faith by which he *overcomes the world* is unsound, and the hope by which he aspires after heaven is fallacious, and thus take away the foundation on which his faith is built, and the anchor on which his hope is leaning. And what do you give him in exchange? It may be, the faith of infidelity, and the hope that terminates in 'an eternal sleep.' Having removed the prop which supported him, you may launch him on the sea of doubt and uncertainty, to be shipwrecked and lost. Enlighten your brother as much as you will, if it will make him better, but be cautious how you interfere with his religious opinions, if you perceive in his life the fruits of holiness. Call not his doctrine 'a soul destroying doctrine,' if, by the grace of God, it renders him meek and humble, benevolent and devout. Call him not 'a child of hell,' if he sets thee an example of forbearance

and charity. Were his opinions ever so wrong, indeed, your enmity and bitterness would not correct them. Hard names and reproachful language may lead him to suspect the soundness of *your* faith, but will never convince him of the unsoundness of his own.—But you view him through a distorted medium, and decide too hastily. Your trinitarian brother is not 'an idolater,' but believes in one God, and one mediator, as well as yourself. Your unitarian brother is not 'an unbeliever,' but has as firm a faith in revelation as you have. Your unscriptural, unhallowed names, keep you asunder. Discard them, and come together, that you may know each other better. *Christ is not divided*, nor should christians be divided. Judge with less severity, relinquish your unholy prejudices, emulate each other's piety, and *love as brethren.*

The world has had enough, and too much, of angry contention. The calm, dispassionate statement of our opinions, may do good. I will not say that controversy may not do good; but I am compelled to doubt its utility when I witness its baneful effects. It may sometimes elicit truth, but it oftener elicits anger, and truth is seldom discerned with clearness through the mists of passion. It may excite inquiry, and, on subjects which are revealed, inquiry is lawful. Inquiry is now excited, and will go on.

I call upon polemics to lay down the weapons

of their warfare, and *study the things that make for peace.* I call upon the ministers of religion, of that religion whose essence is love, to exhibit, in their own example, the meekness and gentleness of Christ, their master. By all that is lovely and attractive in christian charity, *by the tender mercies of* God, and the compassion of the Redeemer, by their regard for the interests of our holy religion, by the worth of their own souls and the souls of those who are within the sphere of their influence, I call upon them to refrain, or desist, from an unrighteous warfare with their brethren. I conjure them, as they conjure others, to carry forward their thoughts to the time, when, from the bed of death, they shall look back upon the troubled scene which is passing from before them, and forward to the rest of heaven, and ask themselves how all this contention will *then* appear? I conjure them to carry forward their thoughts to the time when the troubled scene of life will be over, and ask themselves how the notes of contention would mingle with the halleluiahs of angels and of the spirits of the just? If they are deaf to all the motives which urge them to cease from their unholy feuds, christians will soon rise in their strength, and compel them. They cannot withstand the force of public opinion, and the tide of public opinion is setting strongly in favor of peace.

I earnestly admonish those who are coming for-

ward to labor with us in *the work of this ministry*, or to *bear the ark of the Lord* when our hands shall have become feeble, or are mouldering in the dust, to keep themselves free from the perverting influence of party combinations, and the paralyzing influence of human authority. Let them spurn the fetters which theological dogmatists, with however good intentions, may be ready to put upon their understandings, and assert the liberty wherewith God and *Christ have made them free.* Let them be careful lest the opinions of the wise and good should give a bias to their judgment in the search after truth. They must answer for themselves before God, for the doctrines they hold, and it becomes them to take heed lest these doctrines are founded in *the wisdom of man, and not in the power of* God. A responsibility, deep and awful, is soon to rest upon them. By the exercise of their own minds in the study of God's word, and especially by the cultivation of a meek and lowly spirit, let them prepare to sustain it, that, by the light of their instructions and the light of their example, they may *win souls to Christ.*

It is in the spirit of peace, my christian friends, that you have erected the temple which is now consecrated to the service of God. You dedicate it to the cause of truth and righteousness, to the cause of religious freedom and free inquiry, of christian peace and charity. And may the bless-

ing which rested upon the second temple at Jerusalem, rest also here. *In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.*

How interesting are the associations which are connected with this place, and this occasion! Nearly two centuries have elapsed since this spot was first hallowed by the rites of religion. It was then that the apostolic Eliot imparted to the rude, untutored children of the forest, the light of divine truth, and the wilderness echoed the voice of christian prayer, and the songs of christian praise. We revert with admiration to the wearisome pilgrimages, and the toilsome and perilous, though patient and persevering labours, of this holy man. Imagination delights to go back through the long tract of time, and see him travelling on foot, with his staff and his Bible, or surrounded by his Indian children, with no altar but the trunk of the forest tree, and no canopy but the vault of heaven, yet cheered by the consciousness of devotion to the best of causes, and by the hopes of success. We honour thy memory, devoted servant of the Lord Jesus! Though no fruits of thy labours remain, thou hast erected a monument to thy praise in the hearts of the pious, in all times, who shall hear the story of thy toils and thy sufferings, and hast secured to thyself a portion with those, who, *having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and ever.*

You have done well, my friends, to select this consecrated spot, consecrated by the tears and the prayers of the first protestant missionary in this western world, as the place for your new house of worship. It is emphatically holy ground. May the recollections it revives, as you trace hither the footsteps of the pious dead, impart a holy influence! May this sacred place never be desecrated by unhallowed passions, by hollow-hearted prayers, or cold and lifeless praises! May no gift be ever brought to this altar but in the spirit of *love to* God, *and love to man!*

This temple is erected to the service of God, but God *dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain* him, *how much less this house which* you *have builded.* Neither on Mount Gerizim, nor at Jerusalem, neither here, where the savage, renouncing his idolatry, bowed down before the God and Father of our Lord, and where, too, your fathers worshipped, nor elsewhere, *shall men* exclusively *worship the Father.* God *is a spirit, and they who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* He *looketh on the heart.* If there is really an altar there, however poor and humble the sacrifice that is laid upon it, fire will come down from heaven to kindle it, and, like the angel in the smoke of Manoah's sacrifice, it will ascend with acceptance to God. If there is really a temple there, however

faint and feeble the sounds that are uttered in it, they will be audible by God. The aspiration of thankfulness he will hear, *the sighing of the contrite heart he will not despise.*

They who first worshipped, and succeeding generations who worshipped here, have passed away. There is not a remnant of the little tribe to which Eliot ministered. And we, too, must pass away. Let us not be regardless of the admonition which the review of the past brings home with so much force and solemnity to our minds!—*Our fathers, where are they; and the prophets, do they live forever?*

Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. 'The awful now,' it has been impressively said, 'asks us but once to embrace it, then turns its back upon us, and our hands are stretched after it in vain.' If we have not already resolved to be religious, let us resolve *now*, and if there be no time for the performance of religious duties, the resolution will be accepted and registered in heaven. *Now is the day of salvation.* Is there any assurance that we shall have another? that when this day of counsels and entreaties, of promises and threatenings, of admonitions and warnings, of hopes and fears, is ended, a new day of probation will begin? Is there any assurance that we shall enter on a new state of preparation for heaven, and that if that should be unavailing, as

this may have been, there will be yet another, and another, through an indefinite extent of an interminable existence? I caution you not to stake on such a presumption the eternal interests of your immortal souls. It may not be so.—And where then will he be who has 'laid this flattering unction to his soul,' and thrown away, misapplied, perverted, in the hope of future opportunities, the only opportunity that will ever be given him? Where will he be who has said, 'God will be gracious,' and has persevered in sinning *that grace might abound?* Where will he be?—I leave it to the revelations of eternity to reveal it.—I leave it to the unfolding of that scene which to us, creatures of a day, will soon be unfolded.—I leave it till the *books are opened* and the record read and the sentence passed.—Oh that he may not find himself dreadfully and irretrievably mistaken!

APPENDIX.

The following account of ELIOT, and of his missionary labours, will, probably, at least be interesting to those at whose request the foregoing sermon was preached and published. It is taken principally from Gookin's 'Historical collections of the Indians in New England,' and from Dr. John Eliot's biography of this distinguished man, chiefly from the latter, and his language is generally used.

JOHN ELIOT, commonly called the apostle to the Indians, exhibited more lively traits of an extraordinary character than we find in most ages of the church, or in most christian countries. He, who could prefer the American wilderness to the pleasant fields of Europe, was ready to wander through this wilderness for the sake of doing good. To be active was the delight of his soul; and he went to the hovels which could not keep out the wind and rain, where he labored incessantly among the aboriginals of America, though his popular talents gave him a distinction among the first divines of Massachusetts, at a time that the magistrates and all the people held the clergy in peculiar honor.

He was born in England, A. D. 1604. There is nothing related of his parents, except that they gave him a liberal education, and were exemplary for their piety;—for this their memory is precious. 'I do see,' says this excellent man, 'that it was a great favor of GOD to me that my first years were seasoned with the fear of GOD, the word, and prayer.'

When Mr. Eliot left the University of Cambridge, he himself became a teacher; and, while he led children and youth into the paths of virtue, acquired also an acquaintance with the human heart.

In the year 1631, he arrived at Boston, and the succeeding year, November 5th, 1632, was settled as teacher of the church in Roxbury. Being moved with compassion for the ignorant and degraded state of the Indians, he determined to devote a part of his time to their instruction; and first preached to them on the 28th of October, 1646, 'at Nonantum, near Watertown mill,

upon the south side of Charles river, where, at that time, lived Waban, one of the principal men, and some Indians with him.' His first discourse was from Ezekiel xxxvii. 9. Their mode of worship is thus described. After a short prayer, he rehearsed and explained the ten commandments. He then described the character of Christ, told them in what manner he appeared on earth, where he now is, and that he would again come to judgment, when the wicked would be punished, and the good rewarded. He spoke of the creation and fall of man; then persuaded them to repent, to pray to God, and own Christ as their Saviour.

Within a short time after this first attempt, he instituted a lecture at Neponset, within the bounds of Dorchester, where another company of Indians lived, belonging to the sachem Kuchamakin. Besides preaching, he framed two catechisms, one for children and one for adults, in the Indian language, which he had learned of an old Indian, who had been taken into his family for this purpose. In this language he translated the Bible, and several practical treatises, and composed a grammar, which is published in several editions of the Indian Bibles. The questions in the catechism he propounded on one lecture-day, to be answered the next lecture-day. His method was 'to begin with the children, who, in general, answered readily, and whom he encouraged with some small gift, as an apple, or a small biscuit, which he caused to be bought for that purpose.' 'After he had done with the children, then would he take the answers of the catechetical questions of the elder persons; and they did generally answer judiciously. When the catechising was past, he would preach to them on some portion of Scripture for about three-quarters of an hour; and then give liberty to the Indians to propound questions, and, in the close, finish all with prayer.'

Among the questions proposed, at different times, by the Indians, were these:—*Whether Jesus Christ could understand prayers in the Indian language? How all the world became full of people, if they were all once drowned? How the English came to differ so much from the Indians in the knowledge of* God *and Jesus Christ, since they all at first had but one father? How it came to pass that sea-water was salt, and river fresh? That if the water was bigger than the earth, how it came to pass that it does not overflow it?* When the preacher had discussed these points as well as he was able, they expressed their satisfaction by saying, after their manner, *they did much thank* God *for his coming, and for what they had heard, which was wonderful news to them.*

When he began his mission, there were about seventeen or twenty tribes within the limits of the English planters. But these tribes were not large, and hardly to be distinguished; for their manners, language, and religion were the same. He made

a missionary tour every fortnight, planted a number of churches, and visited all the Indians in Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies. He certainly was the most successful missionary that ever preached the gospel to the Indians. His prudence and zeal, his patience, resolution, activity, and knowledge of mankind, were equally conspicuous. Many have done worthily in this benevolent work; but, if we unite an *apt method* of applying the truths of christianity to the minds of the heathen, with the success of his labours, he far excelled them all. He likewise claims a very peculiar character, as being the first protestant minister who diffused the means of evangelical truth among the wild nations of this benighted part of the globe. The tribes that roamed through the deserts became dear to him, like his own people, and he often forsook the charms of civilized and cultivated society to reside with men, who were not only unacquainted with every thing called *urbanity*, but who wanted comfortable means of subsistence; with whom he would associate days and weeks, to instruct them in divine things, and also acquaint them how they could improve their condition upon the earth. Though in general well received and treated with kindness, he sometimes met with opposition, especially from the sachems, and the powows, who were their physicians, and pretended to skill in magic. When threatened by them, his answer was, 'I am about the work of the great God, and he is with me, so that I fear not all the sachems in the country. I'll go on, and do you touch me if you dare.'

As to his moral and christian character, it was as exemplary as his ministerial qualifications were excellent. His mind was governed by a sense of duty, and not a mere ease and complacency of humour, which makes a man good-natured when he is pleased, and patient when he has nothing to vex him. He brought his religion into all his actions. He habitually lifted up his heart for a blessing upon every person whom he met, and when he went into a family, he would sometimes call the youth to him, that he might lay his hands upon them, and give them his benediction. A stranger to artifice and deceit, he disliked the appearance of them in others. He felt equal obligations to perform the duties of piety, virtue, and benevolence. Such was the man. He clothed himself with humility as with a robe. Literally speaking, he wore a leathern girdle about his loins. Perhaps this might show too strong a prejudice against dress; but all his actions discovered a temper free from vanity, and a desire to *be* humble, rather than to gain the praise of men. He was very temperate: one dish was his homely repast. When he dined abroad, he would not indulge himself in the luxuries of the table. He drank water, and said of wine, 'it is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as

I remember, water was made before it.' His maintenance was a free contribution, or raised upon pews, and the people of Roxbury cheerfully supported two ministers. It was his request, to give up his salary when he could no longer preach. 'I do here,' said he, 'give up my salary to the Lord Jesus Christ; and now, brethren, you may fix that upon any man that God shall make a pastor.' But the society, in their answer, told him, that they accounted his presence worth any sum granted for his support, even if he were superannuated so as to do no further service for them. The youth of the congregation called him their father and their friend, and their affection chased away the gloom so apt to hover round the evening of life. Such attentions from the rising generation, are like medicine to the spirit of a man sinking within him. The reflection of a life well spent, and the kindness of his friends, made his old age pleasant.

In domestic life, Mr. Eliot was peculiarly happy. His lady was an excellent economist, and by her prudent management enabled him to be generous to his friends, and hospitable to strangers. It ought to be mentioned, to the credit of this excellent woman, that, with a moderate stipend and her prudence, he educated four sons at Cambridge, who were among the best preachers of that generation. He gave largely from his own income to the poor, and promoted all kinds of useful distributions, especially if he could serve the cause of religion. When his age unfitted him for public employment, he reflected that he did good as he had opportunity. 'Alas!' said he, 'I have lost every thing.—My understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, but I thank God my charity holds out still.' So great was his charity, that his salary was often distributed for the relief of his needy neighbours, so soon after the period at which he received it, that, before another period arrived, his own family were straitened for the comforts of life. One day the parish treasurer, on paying the money for salary due, which he put into a handkerchief, in order to prevent Mr. Eliot from giving away his money before he got home, tied the ends of the handkerchief in as many hard knots as he could. The good man received his handkerchief, and took leave of the treasurer. He immediately went to the house of a sick and necessitous family. On entering, he gave them his blessing, and told them God had sent them some relief. The sufferers, with tears of gratitude, welcomed their pious benefactor, who, with moistened eyes, began to untie the knots in his handkerchief. After many efforts to get at his money, and impatient at the perplexity and delay, he gave the handkerchief and all the money to the mother of the family, saying, with a trembling accent, 'Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you.'

During the war with the sachem Philip, 1675, Mr. Eliot ap-

pears in a character very interesting to the community. The traces of war are blood and slaughter. The people of Massachusetts, in their frenzy, would have destroyed the *praying* Indians with the savages, whose feet were swift to spread destruction in every path. Mr. Eliot was their advocate and friend. Being assisted by general Gookin, he defended their cause, and protected them from violence. It is no wonder, therefore, that, having shown his abilities and firmness, he acquired such an influence over the various tribes as no other missionary to the Indians could ever obtain.

After living eighty-six years in this world of trial, the spirit of this excellent divine took its flight to a better world. For many years he *had his conversation in heaven;* his faith seemed to be swallowed up in vision, and his hopes in fruition. He lost his most amiable companion two years before. He was then sick, and expected and longed for his own departure. Their children they had followed to the grave, and had comforted each other as they drank the bitter ingredients from the cup of adversity. On being asked how he could maintain so much cheerfulness under such afflictive bereavments, he replied, 'I had hoped that my sons would have lived to serve God longer on earth, but as He has seen fit to take them to serve him in heaven, why should I object?' When he was bending under his infirmities and could no longer visit the Indians, he persuaded a number of families to send their negro servants to him once a week, that he might instruct them in the truths of God. He died May 20, 1690, aged about eighty-six years, saying, that all his labours were poor and small, and exhorting those who surrounded his bed to pray. His last words were 'welcome joy.' Such a man will be handed down to future times, an object of admiration and love; and appear conspicuous in the historick page when distant ages celebrate the *worthies of New England.*

The town of Natick (which signifies a place of hills) was granted to the Indians at the request of Mr. Eliot, and laid out in 1651. In 1674, it had twenty-nine families. The town contained about six thousand acres. It is thus described by Gookin. 'It consists of three long streets, two on the north side of the river, and one on the south, with house-lots to every family. There is a handsome large fort, of a round figure, palisaded with trees; and a foot bridge over the river, in form of an arch, the foundation secured with stone. There is also a large house built after the English manner; the lower room a large hall, which serves for a meeting-house on the Lord's day, and a school-house on the week days. The upper room is a kind of wardrobe, where the Indians hang up their skins and other things of value. In a corner of this room Mr. Eliot has an apartment partitioned off, with a bed and bedstead in it.'

Mr. Eliot was assisted by his eldest son, the minister of Newton, in his labours with the aborigines, and in the translation of the Scriptures. A son of gen. Gookin, who was the minister of Sherburne, co-operated with him in the care of the Natick Indians in 1684, holding a lecture in Natick once a month. In 1721, Mr. Peabody came here, and in 1729 was ordained, at which time a church was gathered, partly of Indians and partly of English. Mr. Peabody died in 1752, and was succeeded by Mr. Badger, who was ordained in 1753, and died in 1803, at the age of seventy-eight.

On the erection of the fourth place of worship, at a distance from the spot on which the old church had stood, a number of the inhabitants connected themselves with other religious societies in the neighbourhood. It is for their convenience, and in consequence of the flourishing state of the village in which most of them reside, that a new church has been erected the present year. A spirit of harmony and kindness has marked all their proceedings. May it always exist, and may they firmly maintain the resolution of having no other creed than the Bible, and no other name, as denoting their faith, than that of christian!

The services at the dedication were as follows.

ANTHEM—

"O praise God in His holiness."

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER,

By Mr. WIGHT, of East Sudbury.

READING PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

By Mr. WHITE, of Dedham.

HYMN,

WRITTEN BY JOSIAH BIGLOW.

Thou Mighty One! whose boundless sway
Pervades all worlds, and fills all space,
To Thee we bow, to Thee we pray,
To Thee we consecrate this place.

Here first the forest sons were taught
To know thy name, and own thy word;
Here first thy beams of truth they caught,
And nature's children own'd Thee, Lord.

Our fathers, on this hallow'd ground,
From olden time, have knelt and pray'd,
And we, their children, would be found
To tread the footsteps they have made.

Again, O Lord, thine altars blaze,
Again thy temple decks the land,
Where stranger nations mingled praise,
Led by the Saviour's guiding hand.

God of all people! we would bring
The offering of our praise to Thee,
And, while our lips thy glories sing,
May every heart thy dwelling be.

This humble effort of our powers,
This lowly temple we have given;
O may it prove to us and ours,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

DEDICATORY PRAYER,

By Mr. SANGER, of Dover.

SERMON,

By Dr. LOWELL, of Boston.

HYMN,

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BIGLOW.

He, who the universe commands,
Needs not the worship of our hands;
Yet all, whose souls adoring rise,
Whose hearts with true devotion glow,
While from their lips His praises flow,
Through faith may win the heavenly prize.

Accept, O God, this house of prayer;
Preserve it, by thy guardian care,
From sinful thoughts and deeds of shame,
From hatred and from party pride:
Our Father, be our friend and guide,
And here engrave thy holy name.

Here may the great eternal One
Be worship'd through His blessed Son;
And may the spirit of His grace,
Descending, like the mystic dove,
From Him, whose favourite name is love,
Dwell in and bless this hallowed place.

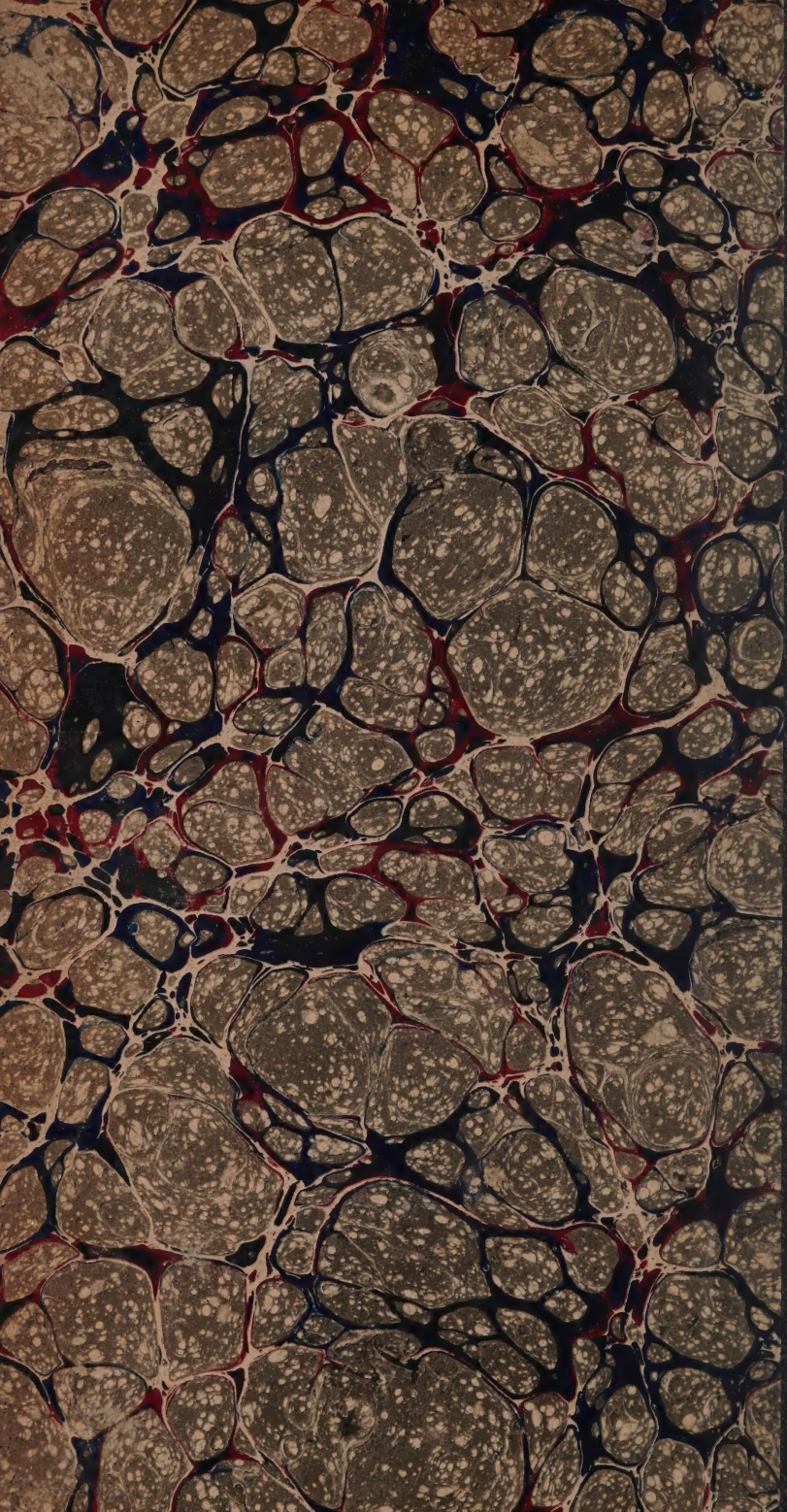
May all in charity, O Lord,
Found their opinion on thy word,
And, free from bigotry and strife,
Walking the straight celestial road
That leads to happiness and God,
Adorn their doctrine by their life.

To God, our King, by mortal eyes
Unseen, eternal only wise,
Whom heaven of heavens cannot contain,
Be honour and all glory paid,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord and head,
Now and forevermore. Amen.

CONCLUDING PRAYER,

By Dr. SAUNDERS, of Medfield.

ANTHEM—

"O give thanks unto the Lord."

BENEDICTION.